**Never Saw Us Coming**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/51026419.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | Gen |
| Fandom: | Hannibal (TV) |
| Relationship: | Will Graham & Beverly Katz |
| Characters: | Will Graham, Beverly Katz |
| Additional Tags: | Will Graham and Beverly Katz are Best Friends, unfortunately i use that against them, Hurt Will Graham, Someone Help Will Graham, Muzzles, Restraints, Car Accidents, Hurt/Comfort, but actually, Hurt No Comfort, you'll see - Freeform, Ambiguous/Open Ending, Whumptober, no beta we die like competent fbi agents |
| Language: | English |
| Series: | Part 22 of Whump Is My Design |
| Stats: | Published: 2023-10-22 Words: 1,123 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Never Saw Us Coming

by WordsAblaze

Summary

"Will, look at me! Look at me!" There's something in Beverly's tone that he's never heard before, something sharp and scared, and that's the only reason Will indulges her, turning his head to the left, the direction of her yelling.

He opens his eyes just in time to see the vehicle driving directly at him make contact.

He does scream then, a mangled sort of sound that just barely makes it past the muzzle, and he feels Beverly turn his face in the opposite direction as the car flips.

Notes

besties spotlight today :)

day 22 prompts used: glass shard / vehicular accident

See the end of the work for more notes

If Will hadn't been wearing a muzzle, he'd have cursed up a storm.

He still does so, internally, but it's not quite as satisfying. When he runs out of curses to imagine himself spewing at Jack and Chilton and, most importantly, Hannibal, he slumps in the seat of the car he's been left in, letting his head fall back against the headrest.

They'd left him in the car to finalise the details of his visit and prepare the crime scene for his arrival—no doubt code for making sure everyone else isn't at risk of him murdering them or whatever else they think him capable of—and he can think of only a few situations that could be less humiliating. He knows he should be grateful for the opportunity, but it feels less like a privilege and more like a hollow victory.

He wishes they'd at least rolled down a window for him before leaving, but he also understands why it's important none of the agents walking past the car have any excuse to gawk at him; the last thing he needs is *more* rumours or controversial news articles about himself. Still, the heat makes the straightjacket seem even more confining than usual, and he wriggles uncomfortably as he watches the investigation progress.

"I almost miss your voice," Beverly says from where she'd been riding shotgun.

Will meets her gaze in the rear view mirror, and swallows heavily. He shrugs in response, most because there's nothing else he can do, and she offers him an apologetic smile. "If I was here, I'd tell them to take it off," she adds.

Tearing his gaze away from the sincerity in her eyes, Will watches as an agent walks right by the window next to him, unaware of his presence. His gaze shifts from the woman to the surrounding area until it lands on the observatory, and something heavy twists inside his stomach at the thought of what he knows is waiting for him inside.

"You know, I kind of wish you wouldn't go in there," Beverly says after a while, turning so she's staring right at him and there's no excuse for Will, considering everything that's happened, not to look at her.

Not that he doesn't try, keeping his gaze fixed on the gear stick rather than his best friend. He knows he's being rude but also knows she won't— *can't* —hold it against him, so he ends up squeezing his eyes shut in an attempt to block her out.

"Will? Hey, come on, now…. Will?"

He shakes his head.

"No, Will, seriously. Will, look at me! *Look at me!"* There's something in her tone that he's never heard before, something sharp and scared, and that's the only reason Will indulges her, turning his head to the left, the direction of her yelling.

He opens his eyes just in time to see the vehicle driving directly at him make contact.

He does scream then, a mangled sort of sound that just barely makes it past the muzzle, and he feels Beverly turn his face in the opposite direction as the car flips, spinning over and over again, fast enough to inspire a pounding headache, until it crashes back to the ground with a horrible, screeching thud.

Will groans miserably, swallowing the blood in his mouth so he doesn't choke on it, and his head spins as he meets Beverly's upside down eyes, registering her shaky, translucent smile alongside the fact that the car had landed on its back and, because of the seatbelt they hadn't wanted to risk removing, he's stuck hanging from the roof.

He can feel shards of what had once been the window embedded in his face, and is infinitely glad Beverly—more accurately, some manifestation of his distant self-preservation instincts—had turned his face away from it, no doubt saving his eyesight in the process.

His ribs are struggling, and he's sure he'll end up with a large rectangular bruise from where the belt is digging relentlessly into his chest, but he tries his best to return Beverly's sad smile, even though the burning of his lungs and the blurriness of his vision.

"This is *my* crime scene, man. Make sure to keep your death off it, you hear me?" she teases, and Will shouldn't be able to so clearly hear the way her voice wobbles over the awful ringing in his ears, but he somehow does so he nods anyway, gritting his teeth.

He can smell petrol, though, and that doesn't bode well for him. He's seen enough road traffic accidents to know what a car looks and smells like before it's about to explode, and the timeline isn't looking particularly good for him unless someone outside gets a move on with pulling him out of the wreck. He wishes his hands were free— *all he needs is one hand free* — to unlock the seatbelt but he's stuck, and his headache is worsening by the second, and there's blood slowly creeping down his neck, towards his eyes, and, despite Beverly's cool hands gently cupping his face, it *hurts* . Badly.

"Look at me, Will," Beverly whispers, and Will tries.

His head is pounding, and his eyes are threatening to fall right out of his head, but he tries. He groans and swallows what's most likely bile in his mouth and forces himself to focus on his best friend, wincing when she reaches up to cup his face and doesn't quite wipe some of the blood away.

He misses her.

He misses her so very much and, here, trapped with nothing to focus on but some strange haunting reflection of her, Will *sobs*.

He squeezes his eyes shut as tears escape them, his chest heaving as his grief makes it harder and harder to breathe, but he doesn't care—he pointedly ignores her attempts to calm him down because they'd never worked when she'd been flesh and bone and that hasn't changed just because she's now smoke and memory—and he just sobs and screams and more or less silently curses at everyone and everything.

The worst part, he thinks, even as sparks begin to dance through both the crumpled car and his vision, is that Beverly is *right there* , behind just one set of doors—two, if one were to count the mangled metal that had once been car doors, but he doesn't—and he's still just as helpless as he had been all the way behind bars.

As the heat becomes unbearable and Beverly presses her forehead against his, murmuring something that shouldn't sound so much like forgiveness as it does, Will takes one last glance at the observatory before accepting defeat and numbly letting hope slip through his fingers.

End Notes

sorry beverly i love you really <3

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!